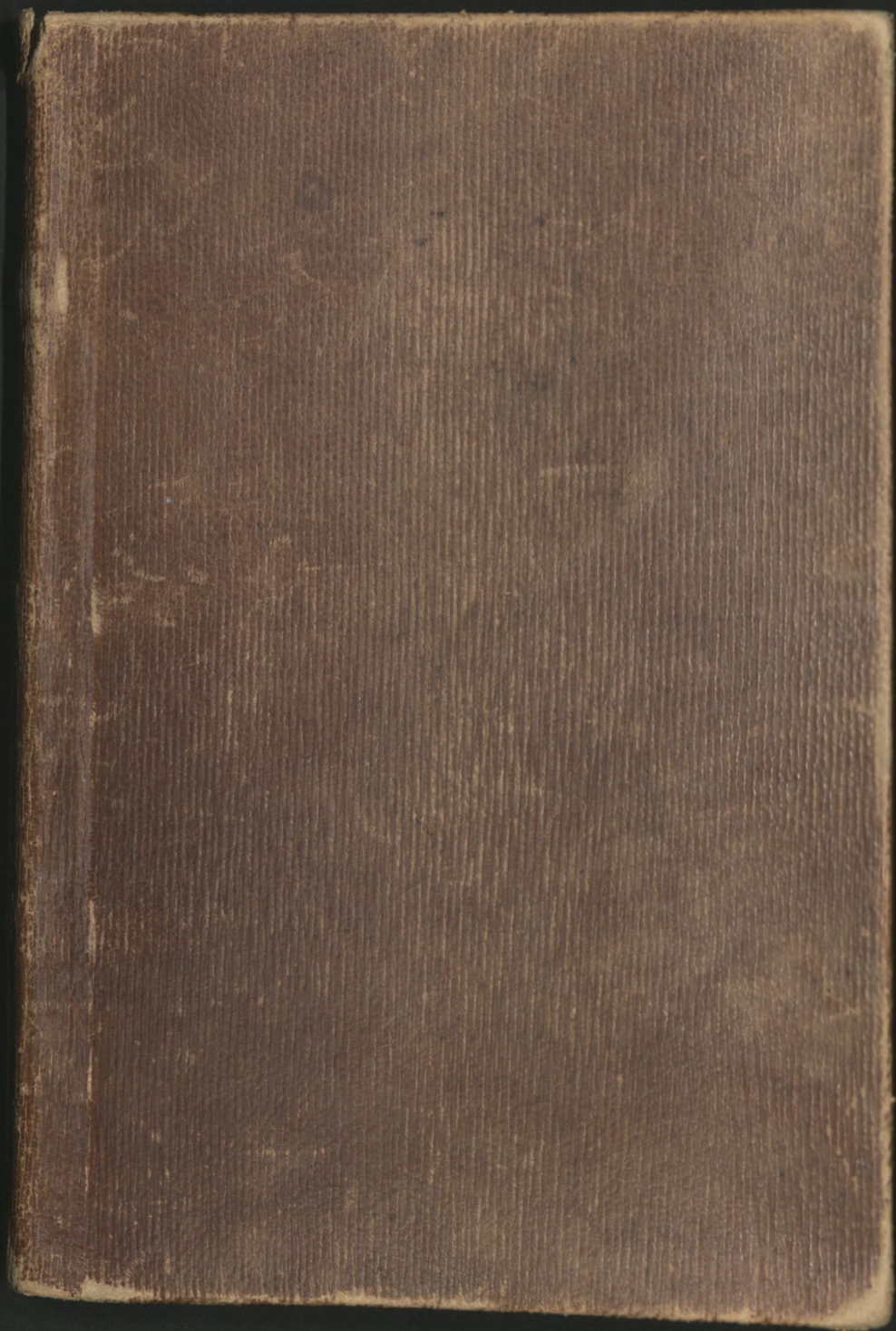
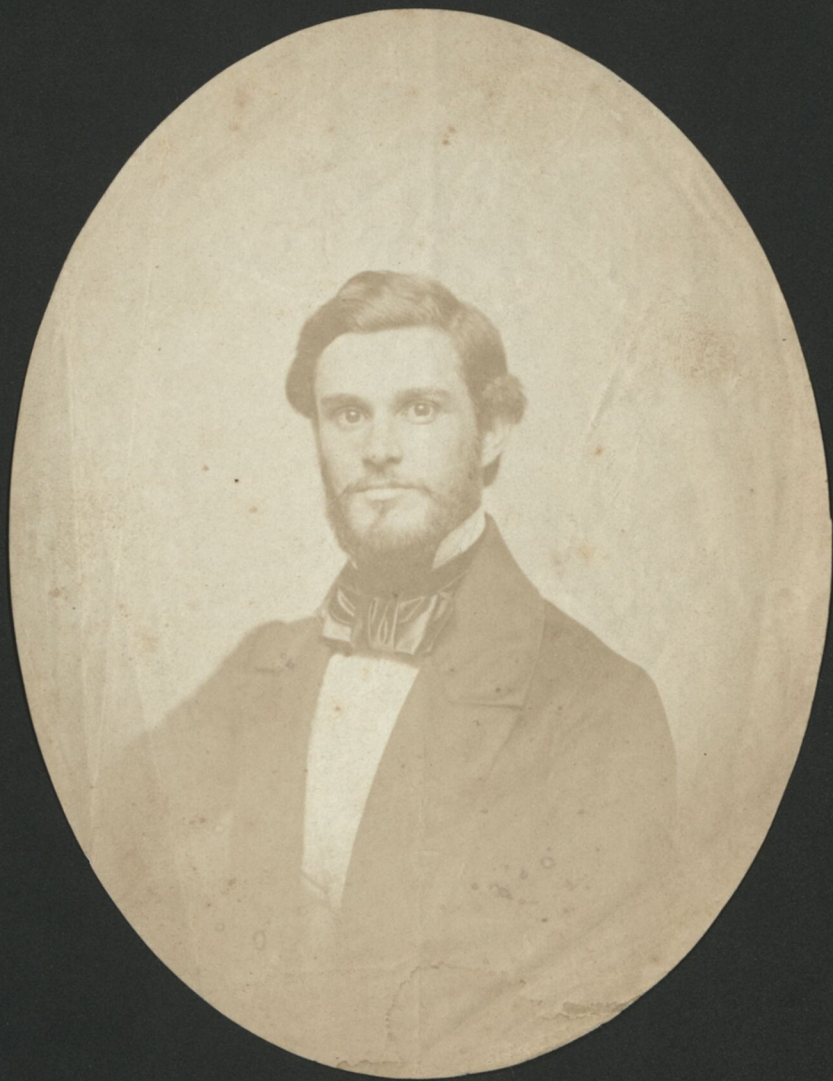






Born Jan 19th 1834
Married Aug 21st 1873 in Paris

Mrs John

NO 3118.

Sarah Watson

Political Remains

Mrs John Prentiss

Roma. April / 63

"Great Themes of Christian Study and Thought."

It has already been announced in the Transcript that a series of Sunday-afternoon discourses would be delivered in King's Chapel on successive Sundays. The first sermon in the course was preached yesterday afternoon by Rev. A. P. Peabody, D. D. His text was from Acts xiv., 11—"The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men." In these words, he said, expression is given to a belief in the possibility of incarnation of divinity which has borne so large a part in all the ethnic religions. The belief as thus held accepted not only the idea that the divine might come down to the human level, but that human beings might be exalted in this life to share in divine things. The Pantheon of Rome was full of statues of men who had, in the current belief, been deified. It is inevitable that this should be so, for man's conception of the Deity must have some reference to human qualities. These qualities are the only material from which God can be even imagined. Not even through revelation can it be otherwise, for man's intellectual conceptions are rigorously limited by human experience. It may indeed be that God's attributes include much of which man has no power to conceive or know, so that any revelation on such matters would have to be conveyed in a non-human tongue and would therefore be unintelligible. In a higher state of being, and with added powers befitting that state, greater knowledge will be possible for us. An illustration of this human limitation is to be found in the aesthetics and poetry of the Greeks. Excelling as they did in these matters the conceptions attainable by moderns, they lack utterly any apprehension of the beauty of holiness. They were not a virtuous or virtue-loving people. The Romans, in their early history, had a purer morality than did the Greeks at any period, but still their gods, as represented in literature or art, are thorough Romans. The Romans could not, in their original conceptions, go beyond their own experience. Cato is represented as one who possessed all the virtues; yet a comparison, point by point, with the moral excellences enumerated in the beatitudes of Jesus will show that he possessed not one of them. None of the Roman deities represent in the qualities attributed to them any of the beatitudes. The Hebrew people possessed, and in their sacred writings gave expression to, a fierce integrity, a merciless righteousness and a vindictive patriotism, and their representations of Jehovah portray him with like qualities and limitations. They could conceive of nothing better than the character which thus they depicted. The language neither of the Hebrews nor the Greeks contained words to define or describe the Christian virtues, so that the evangelists had to invent new terms, or borrow, from sources quite unscriptural, words and expressions significant of humility, forbearance, service, self-sacrifice, etc.; for the religion of Christ was largely made up of principles and rules of conduct which, like himself, were despised and rejected of men.

In the character of Jesus we find none of these limitations which mark the idealizations of the divine or the deification of the human in the religions which preceded Christ's coming. Here at last was the perfect and sinless man. Sinless not because exalted above human estate and so exempt from temptation, sinless through the perfection and purity of his character, not because he could not sin, but because he would not. The divine men of earlier date had grown out of their surroundings, and these conditions of their origin clung to them to a greater or less degree. But Christ takes nothing from his relations. He speaks not like a Hebrew, and for aught that appears in his manner or tone of thought and speech he might have been born in Arabia or any other country. Men of all races and all tongues recognize him as a fellow citizen. He offers no secular paradise, and his gospel holds the same relation to men now that he did to the men of ancient times who were his immediate contemporaries. His gospel does not lose by time; it gains rather, and new and more delicate lines are discerned in its presentations and portrayals of spiritual things than its earliest readers perceived. Alone among all biographies his is like a work of Nature, like the stars, the flowers and the running waters. All of God that can be incarnated is seen in Christ.

the iron roof of the House of Representatives. So far as can be discovered at this moment (11.15 A. M.) it is a small affair, and it will probably not have serious results. The firemen are cutting away the woodwork in the immediate neighborhood, and a steamer has a stream of water playing upon the fire.

GENERAL FOREIGN NEWS.

The Italian Colonial Policy—The Assab Expedition.

ROME, Jan. 26. The Italian military expedition which was recently sent to Assab Bay has taken possession of Beilul, or Belool, which is on the western shore of the Red Sea and about thirty-five miles north of Assab. The Chamber of Deputies yesterday discussed the colonial policy of the Government. Several members condemned the Assab expedition. A reply for the Government will be made on Tuesday by Signor Mancini, minister of foreign affairs.

Great Snowfalls in the Italian Alps—The Number of the Avalanche Victims Placed at 300.

ROME, Jan. 26. The snowfall on the Italian Alps is the heaviest within the memory of man. Terrible accounts arrive from the villages destroyed. It is calculated that, so far as known, 300 lives have been lost through the storms. The troops have displayed much heroism in effecting rescues.

Italy Accepts the French Proposals in the Egyptian Question.

ROME, Jan. 26. Signor Mancini, minister of foreign affairs, has handed to M. Decrais, the French ambassador, a note accepting the principal French proposals regarding Egypt, and expressing satisfaction at the proposal to hasten an international agreement respecting free navigation of the Suez Canal.

American Claims in Fiji.

LONDON, Jan. 26. The News has advices to the effect that the American Government has advanced claims to land in the Fiji Islands, in behalf of its subjects who had settled there before the annexation of the territory by the British.

The French Senatorial Elections—The Republicans Gain Twelve Seats.

PARIS, Jan. 26. Elections for senators were held throughout France yesterday. Forty-eight Republicans and twenty-one Conservatives were elected. In eighteen senatorial districts no choice was made, and second ballots must be taken. The Republicans have gained twelve seats so far.

The War in China.

PARIS, Jan. 26. The Chinese governor of Kashgar is about to proceed to the scene of the Franco-Chinese operations. The governor of Karashar, who was implicated in the plot to massacre the Mussulmans of Kashgar at the time of the Chinese occupation, has been appointed governor of Kashgar.

A Decision Adverse to the Bell Telephone in Canada.

OTTAWA, Jan. 26. The minister of agriculture has delivered a decision in the case of the Bell Telephone Company, declaring the patent void for the reason that the company or its representatives had imported the patented articles after twelve months from the date of their patent; also for not having manufactured in Canada such articles to the extent required by law after two years' existence of their privilege, and also for having refused to sell or deliver licenses to persons willing to pay a reasonable price for the private and free use of the patented invention.

Railroad Accident.

PRESQUE ISLE, ME., Jan. 26. A freight train with two passenger cars attached, that leaves Presque Isle at six o'clock A. M., came in contact with a broken rail half a mile from the depot and left the track. No one was injured. Two freight cars were reduced to kindling wood, and the third badly smashed. The passenger cars and engine were injured, the track torn up for some distance, and it will not be possible to clear the track today.





Written for the
Normal School

When this great
By the Eternal
When countless
Change — was

That this, God
A planet from
Sleep in its
Its particles
And shattered
Thus four app

That strange
Have in those
So certain,
Embedded man

The sleeping
Who once

Of this our
By one dream
And this is
Where in his

Change.

Written for the "Omnium Gatherum" of the Lexington Normal School & read on that occasion August 1st / 42.

When this great Universe, from chaos formed
By the Eternal, into life was warmed,
Then countless worlds formed being at his call,
Change — was the law inscribed by him on all.

That this, God's first decree might be observed,
A planet from its proper sphere once swerved,
Deep in its bosom by some pang convulsed,
Its particles by latent force repulsed,
And sund'ring wide, this union was dissolved.
Thus four appeared where erst but one revolved.

That strange vicissitudes in this our Earth
Have in those ages most remote had birth
Is certain, from the fact that there are found
Imbedded many fathoms under ground
The sleeping remnants of another race
Who once like us inhabited the face
Of this our globe, and who were swept away
By one dread stroke, in one ~~most~~ woeful day.
And this is further proved from records old,
Where in historic form, to us is told

The story of the Deluge, which was sent
To drown those sinners, who would not repent.
Such are the fearful gambols Nature plays,
And such the majesty of her dark ways.
Happy for us they are less frequent than
The fitful, odd & fickle freaks of man!

As in Kaleidoscopes, by every shake
Another, and a different form you make,
And ne'er the same but once, so in all minds
E'en a slight cause remodels the design.

In customs and opinions something new
Is every day presented to our view.

To know the truth of what I then declare
The present with the former times compare,
And though the glance be brief ^{cast} which now we
Upon the tastes and manners of the past,
Enough, I dare predict, we thus shall see,
To make us all on this one point agree.

Nor need we for our proof examples seek
Among our brethren; for though they be weak

Yet we their sisters have like faults to theirs
And woman formed from man, his frailty shares.

Tradition tells us, that in days gone by
Fair maidens used their spinning-whirls to ply,

And knit & sew

A host of the

Could even

Have learn

And when

Full many a

For in those

Their lords

It may be

To credit

And therefor

Let I conf

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The lapse of ye

The old exa

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Is but to ha

And dart sin

And chat & fo

And play a

Yes "true it c

That "mong et

And knit & sew & wash and bake and do
 A host of things, which I nor you
 Could ever enumerate, so little we
 Have learned of customs, as they used to be.
 And when these maidens fair became fair^{brides},
 Full many duties they performed besides.
 For in those days 'twas fitting deemed that,
 Their lords should love, and honor, & obey.
 It may be sisters, you are ~~are~~ quite unable
 To credit what appears so like a fable.
 And therefore my credulity may scout,
 Yet I confess its truth I do not doubt.

Now please observe, how wonderful a change
 The lapse of years has wrought! how passing strange!
 The old example of their good mamma's,
 The prudent counsel of their wise papa's,
 Our modern misses now reject with scorn,
 And deem the purpose for which they were born,
 Is but to hang their heads, and breathe soft sighs,
 And cast sweet glances with their pensive eyes,
 And chat & fold their hands all lily white,
 And play and sing and, Oh my soul! to write.
 Yes "true it is, and pity 'tis, 'tis true,"
 That 'mongst our woman there's a brainless crew,

Who greedy for the name of "Stocking Blue"
 Will waste their powers & spend their precious ^{time}
 In writing silly tales, & sillier rhyme,
 What, is there not good poetry enough,
 That we are flooded with this nauseous stuff,
 "Not worth the while," when I a witless maid,
 I follow in their footsteps first essayed,
 And thus my lack of common ^{betrayed} sense,
 Our women too, the worst of modern sights!
 Are daily fussing about "woman's rights."
 And ^{misbegotten} their many usurpations, they
 Over their liege lords exert despotic sway,
 Nor is this love of power to those confined,
 Who by the bands of wedlock are entined;
 For long before they're caught in marriage ^{nets},
 Our little misses wear their pantalletts.

But not all changes prove to be a curse,
 Though they too often are from bad to worse.
 Among the notorius of the present day
 Are "Normal Schools," & who is there can say
 Their object or effect is aught but good?
 If such were members of this sisterhood,
 Her fears and doubts would vanish all, ^{soon} full,
 Like morning mists before the light of noon.

Yes, "Normal
 United firmly
 Are present her
 With love to go
 We bless the
 But more we
 And heartfelt
 Who, when the
 Had ready we
 And guard y
 Who shielded
 To three yea
 Our Horace
 Our hearties
 Let though
 I find them s
 Of change, wh
 In this our
 Nor is it str
 That now and
 The wonder
 From the gre
 Our duties th
 And 'tis a pa

king Blue"
their ^{time} precious
rhyme,
try enough,
chauncs stuff,
wittless maid,
t-essay'd,
betray'd!
one sense,
in fights!
and rights!"
tions, they
epotic sway,
e Confined.
entwined;
in marriage,
tablets,
curse,
ad to wooke.
lay
can say
but good?
ood, soon,
at all, full
of noon.

Yes, "Normal Schools," a small but happy band,
United firmly both in heart and hand,
Are present here, their souls imbued with
With love to you, and fervent gratitude.
We bless the day when first ye saw the light,
But more we bless your Author Edmund Dwight;
And heartfelt blessings on his head we shower,
Who, when the angry storm began to lower,
Had ready with an outstretched arm to save,
And guard you safely from an early grave.
Who shielded well your tottering steps till grown
To three years old, ye now can go alone.
Our Horace Mann, your tried & faithful friend,
Our heartiest blessings ever shall attend.
Yet though so much I love our "Normal Schools",
I find them subject to the self same rules
Of change, which appertain to aught besides,
In this our Universe so fair and wide.
Not is it strange while others daily falter,
That now and then a "Normalite" should falter.
The wonder is, so few as yet have parted,
From the great enterprise in which they started
Our duties though they're pleasant bring us pain,
And 'tis a paltry recompense we gain,

6.
Hardly sufficient for our present need,
And should this resource fail, what then indeed
Would keep our bodies and our souls united?
Should we not wish that in that dark ^{plighted} hour we
Our young affections to some tender swain,
On whom before we only cast disdain?
Now some good "Normalites" foreseeing all
The future woe which on themselves might fall,
Have left our ranks, and thus escaped the fate
Which on a more devoted soul may wait.
And some sore smitten to the heart, poor things,
Have fled away on love's capricious wings.
Already five have wandered from this fold
They have their names in wildwood's list enrolled.
Yes, worthy sisters, whether love had made
Its dwelling in your hearts that thus ye stray
Or that ye might be fed, & clothed & housed,
From us ye parted, and your lords espoused.
In either case your conduct I commend,
And freely own that I myself intend
To follow in your track, whences I find.
A lover suited to my heart & mind.
Why he must be a most transcendental fool,
Who has imagined that this "Normal School"

Should yearly see
Some scores
And now dear
That if in we
That "Normal"
Must be your
Enduring gove
Be able to
And happy i
By cords of l
Farewell, ye
Proclaim yo
And hail ye
I feel a pro
To offer for yo
I counsel th
I'm "Living to
That meanin
Thou with les
While, those
And now dear
I treat our s
Oh many an
While dwellers

Should yearly send from its beloved shades,
Some scores of prim, inflexible, "Old Maids"!
And now dear sisters, I will then suggest,
That if in wedded life ye would be blest
That "normal" rule, all other rules above,
Must be your rule. "Ye must subdue by love."
Enduring government, ye never may
Be able to secure in other way.
And happy is that woman who shall find,
By cords of love she can her husband bind.
Farewell, ye wedded wand'ring may your lives
Proclaim you faithful and devoted wives.
And hail ye single sisters of our band,
I feel a prompting I may not withstand
To offer for your profit some advice,
I counsel that ye be not over nice
In "Living to the Truth"; but when ye can
Get married to some well-conditioned man.
That with less pain, more benefit you'll reap,
While, those who scorn my counsel ^{keep.} schools may
And now dear sister all, pray hie thee while
I treat our subject in more sober style.
Oh many are the ^{changed} ~~old~~ we must know
While dwellers in this world of joy & woe!

Oft shall the sunbeam illuminate our path,
 Oft shall we bow beneath the tempest's wrath.
 Oft shall bright-hopes delight the passing hours,
 Oft shall they perish e'en as Summer flowers.
 Oft shall we bask in friendships blessed shades,
 Oft shall we mourn of cherished hearts the guide.
 For those who sleep in death, we oft shall weep,
 As we have felt this anguish keen and deep.
 Two have departed from our little band,
 To join another in the spirit-land.
 There's not a day but brings some hour ^{of gladness},
 There's not an hour but brings its time of sadness.
 Each day, each hour, each moment of this life,
 With joy or grief, with weal or woe is rife.
 And we ourselves shall change. Those hearts that ^{beat}
 With tender sympathy, in union sweet,
 Ere many years their wordless flight have sped
 Will, vexed with worldly cares, grow cold & dead.
 These hands which here unite in friendships clasp,
 Will cease to answer to the eager grasp.
 These radiant eyes, all lighted with that ^{fire},
 Which springs from lofty impulses, pure desire,
 The films of selfishness & sin will shade.
 The best affections of our hearts will fade,

Or, led by his
 An onward
 Which cometh
 Our hearts ex-
 Then shall we
 Of happiness, the
 Oh, let us
 For not one
 Sisters, a long
 With him or
 Attends us still
 And make the
 West Cambri

to our path,
trampled to earth.
The passing hours,
summer flowers,
blessed smiles,
and hearts the guide,
oft shall weep,
even and deep.
little band,
it land,
gladness.
some hour,
of sadness.
of this life,
woe is ripe.
Those hearts that
sweet,
might have sped
grow cold & dead
friendships clasp.
less grasp.
a with that
see, pure desire,
all shade.
will fade,

Or, led by holy influence, we shall tread
An onward course, our souls with wisdom ^{find}
Which cometh from above. Then shall we find
Our hearts expand with love to all our kind.
Then shall we feel that inward peace, that ^{glow}
Of happiness, the good alone can know.
Oh, let us strive this joy & peace to gain!
For not one effort shall be made in vain.
Farewell, a long farewell. My love ye share,
With him our teacher, whose unwearied care
Attends us still, to fill our hearts with glee,
And make this day indeed a "jubilee."
West Cambridge. H. M. Sam on

A valentine sent by a young lady to a gentleman.

Fire! Fire! The bells are ringing,
Water dashing footsteps hurrying,
Flames are kindling, spreading, rising,
Who has done it all?

What a fearful conflagration!
Oh, what dreadful devastation!
Past all human computation—
What has caused it all?

Hush! I'll tell you all about it,
Who & where, and, if you doubt it,
Though you should believe without it,
Proof of it I'll bring.

'Tis no waste of chairs & tables,
Beds & bedding stores & stables,
Spoon & carpets, spikes & cables,
Makes the bells all ring:—

'Twas
To
Cank
This

{ 'Twas
Of bou
As, sap
That co

And a
And the
Tramp
With d

A cre
And
That
But h

'Twas in a maiden's tender heart,
 Too weak I fear, though void of art
 Enkindled by love's burning dart
 This fearful fire broke out.

{ 'Twas but the quick and fluttering beat
 Of bounding hopes and thoughts as fleet
 As rapid coursers' flying feet,
 That sounded like a bell,

And all the water was her tears,
 And hurried footsteps were her fears,
 Trampling the castle fancy rears,
 With doleful, dismal knells,

A cruel lawyer stringing the bow,
 And shot the treacherous arrow,
 That lit the flame and none you know
 But he, can put it out.

The reply.

At midnight just—by dreams misled,
A nice young man leaped out of bed,
And from the window popped his head
To see what meant the busy tread
Of footsteps in the street.

It seemed in truth a cheerless night,
For stars refused to give their light,
And stormy clouds in rapid flight,
With all an angry tempest's might,
Swept over the sky.

Tuned by some vile incendiary,
The bells commenced their voluntary,
From Boston neck to Chelsea ferry,
And engines ran, as if the very
Devil had them all.

While thus he stood in doubt and pain,
And visions wild ran over his brain,

Oh struggle
So! from
"All's well"

"Ho! then,
Cried he!
"Didst not
How say y
There's son

Good need
The watch
Awake my
Thy bello
So peace

He, woke
The streets
The engine
And all
Indeed

Oh, what

Of struggling hearts which hoped in vain,
 Lo! from beneath in doleful strain,
 "All's well" the watchman cried.

"Ho! then, good Watchman pry thee tell"
 Cried he roused from his magic spell
 "Didst not ye hear the ringing bell,
 How say ye then that 'all is well'?
 There's something in the wind".

"Good neighbor - do thyself no harm",
 The watchman said "thy fears disarm,
 Awake my friend, dispel thy charm,
 Thy belle gave but a false alarm
 So peace — good man be still."

He woke and found the watchman right
 The streets were quiet, stars were bright,
 The engines vanished from his sight,
 And all the terrors of the night
 Ended in a dream.

Oh, what a fearful conflagration

What havoc, waste and devastation
 Would shroud the face of all creation,
 If each alarm had good foundation
 When ringing bells make proclamation
 Of burning hearts in desperation,

And bosoms filled with inflammation
 Caused by some tender scintillation!
 I would puzzle human computation
 To tell by simple calculation,

Who could put it out;

A customer.

Lines written on the death of a
 Novelist.

Thy form on earth no more we see,
 Thy placid face no more behold;-
 Thou wast too fair, too pure, to be
 A wanderer in this dark world.

When thou wert with us here below,
 Together we for wisdom sought
 But soon we missed thy voice & lo!
 We called. — it answered not.

Thy gentle
 Of world
 And thou
 Hear him w

Mid angel
 In brighter
 And there the
 Sweet hymn

While strong
 As raging
 Loved Dis
 Safe moor

And wilt v
 Round us
 'till we sh
 And meet

Thy gentle spirit took its flight
To worlds above - to us unknown, -
And thou dost dwell with cherubs bright
Near him who called & bade thee "come".

Mid angel choirs thou art dost sit,
In brighter realms - in Heaven, thy home,
And there thou waitest, day and night,
Sweet hymns of praise, around God's throne,

While struggling o'er life's troubled sea,
As raging billows round us foam,
Loved Sister we oft think of thee
Safe moored in thy celestial home.

And wilt thou not thy influence shed
Round us, still tossed & tempest-driven,
'Till we shall join the countless dead,
And meet thee at the gate of Heaven?

L.C.

Air.

Oh air, I love thee!

So Spirit-like thou art in thy ^{presence;} inviolable ^{good.}
 And to the semblance true doth so dispense universal
 Glorious, Oh air, is thy mission on the earth! Then free,
 The goest forth, without alloy; upon thy wing, health thou
 Hearst, Spirit-like, thou delightest in the high places
 The elevated of the earth, & those who follow thee,
 Receive most largely of thy blessings; but the spots ^{sunken} ^{eniled}
 And low thou scornest. Thy gentle breath, earth hails with,
 In the greenness of her verdure, & beauty of her flowers;
 With noiseless entrance thou art beside the sufferers
 There breathest thy ^{balmy} influence, & she's reassured.
 They bear her where thou dost preside & thy magic spell
 The invalid restores. But free, pure air I love not thy
 Conservativeness; for, when in thy wild haunts, I've sought with
 Communion sweet to hold, thou answerest me, 'tis true; but
 Thy echoing language returneth but my words, thyself
 Committing not. Hold, hold, the charge I do recall. To thee
 My after-thought more justice doeth. I hear, I hear thy voice
 So solemn. Mortal reason is not mine, Oh thee & on
 Thy kind that gift's bestowed. With me thou wert alone;
 Thy words I gave thee back. They're thine again. Thy interchanged should be
 If truth they are; but if error (& solemnly I warn)

Let them die with
 The haunts of men
 No power to judge
 'Tis I to another
 Spirit it doeth
 To me again come
 The limit! - Oft
 I thus have error
 Its way leaving a
 One being like thy
 How to the soul a
 Health, & by po
 But the truth to b
 Blessed. Each true
 And twinkling
 Who shall describ
 Until with light
 Oh air what my
 Hast many in
 The tiny throats of
 Among the
 Solemn & grand
 And with strange
 Thou timest the

Let them die within thee. Beside health on my gales, among
 The haunts of men, to bear the thought made vocal ^{is of} my duty,
 As power to judge have I. The thought thou utterest, that
 I bear I to another. If it be error, to that other's
 I print it doeth its fell work; but there it endeth not,
 To me again committed, its blighting influence, what's
 The limit? - Oft oh Mental! since the youth-time of old Earth
 I thus have error borne from spirit unto spirit; in
 Its way leaving a darkening influence: error to which
 One being like thyself gave birth. "Oh Air, I know, I know
 How to the soul a plague-spot error is, destroying its
 Health, & by power infectious making victims many.
 But the truth to bear is glorious; it beautifies and
 Blesses. Each truth in the mind's firmament is a fixed ^{create}
 And twinkling star: the will for more, its beauty doth
 Who shall describe the mind that's genned with thee
 Until with light unqualified its firmament is flooded.
 Oh air what mysteries of melody are in thee! Thou
 Hast many instruments by which to vocalise it. Now
 The tiny throats of the forest warblers give it out. And
 Now, among their waving leafy homes, thou makest ^{music}
 Solemn & grand. More than all in strains varied,
 And with strange power moving the inmost depths of soul,
 Thou tune'st the curiously wrought lungs of Mental.

Home on such pinicous, thoughts go forth with power
Without thee, O Air! what were eloquence.

"

I went out in the silent night and listened to
the music of the spheres for my soul was
sore and unquiet and longed for that
which might give it rest.

First I heard
the ^{sweet} voices of the ever young Twin Breth-
ren; they sang of love which should
unite all human hearts even as their
own. I looked upward. Lo, they sup-
ported one another! and thus should we.
(But my soul was yet troubled. How
should it be able to love its human
brethren. The deep voice of Orion an-
swered, chanting of the majestic
strength, the consciousness of Right
which should uphold it; and my
soul was more tranquil, yet still
it questioned. Will not life one long
scene of trial be most dark and

is
restless

gloomy?
"of a

sang of the
living thing
human con-
of Power; &
unison with
the Triad
satisfied.

more do w

"Parallel so
parallel but
like others"

"The soul,
totes of an
the Infinite

is
restless
faith with power
loquence.

listened to
soul was
for that

I heard
in (Dietrich)

should
as their
by support
should we,

led. How

human
Greek an-
esthetic

of right
a my
still
one long
and

gloomy?

19.
Then the clear tones of Cassiopeia
sang of the Beauty which dwells in every
living thing, in the trees, in flowers, in
human countenances, of the beauty of Love,
of Power; & her voice blended in harmonious
unison with the other stronger ones.

"The Triad was perfect. My soul was
satisfied. Love, Strength & Beauty - what
more do we want?"

Mattie

"Parallel souls can no more meet than
parallel lines. Let us not strive to be
like others"

"The soul, says Leibnitz, is like the asymptote
of an Hyperbola, forever approaching
the Infinite mind but never reaching it."

The Dying Indian's Soliloquy.

'Twas on a calm Autumnal day
An Indian chieftain dying lay,
Through strife & danger safe he'd past,
But even to him death came at last.
On former scenes his fancy ran,
And thus his mournful tale began.

In days of yore my wigwam stood
Where now, secure, the white man dwells,
Searly I loved my native woods
And all their fair enchanting dells.

My squaw & my three little ones
Loved me & their love returned,
And winter frosts & summer suns
Changed not the love that in us burned,

Al! life was joyful then to me;
Not one dark cloud o'er-hung my way;
From pain, from care, from sorrow free,
I looked not for an evil day.

But soon to
From peace
And things to
I daily hear

The white man
Spread death
Awakened
The fought

Fierce were
Between us
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But soon there came a sad, sad change
 From peace to misery & war,
 And things to me most sadly strange
 I daily heard & daily saw.

The white man our much dreaded foe,
 Spread death & terror through the land,
 Awakened from our long repose,
 We fought with the intruding band.

Fierce were the contests, hard the strife
 Between us till at length overcome
 With wounds & scarcely having life
 I sought to reach my forest home.

But what a scene I met with there
 For desolation was wide spread
 Over the home I ^{left} ~~loved~~ so fair;
 Those I had loved were with the dead.

Those of a hostile tribe had passed,
 Their war-whoops made the forest ring
 And left me, as the lightning's blast
 Leaves the scathed rock - a flighted thing.

Years, many years since then have gone,
 And I have passed through various scenes,
 But I have, ^{never} ceased to mourn;
 No ray of pleasure intervenes.

He ceased - his tale of sorrow o'er,
 And soon the Indian was no more.

How beautiful are the clouds at morn-
 ing & evening, as they float on silently in
 the calm ocean of the sky. They are
 forever changing & becoming more beautiful.
 It would seem as if God had traced them
 with his own hand, that we might have a
 faint conception of the poetry of Heaven.
 It may be that angels descend in them to
 weep ^{for} ~~over~~ the wickedness of vice or
 rejoice at the triumph of virtue.

It is indeed a charming (shall I say superstitious)
 that would ^{people} the sky, the air & the clouds with
 these bright beings.

I love the clouds because they are the
 shadows of heavenly glories. And the

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 There is a deeper
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flowers too, are they not the smiles of Earth?
 There is a deeper philosophy in the language of
 flowers than is generally supposed. Its foundation
 is based upon a motive more important than
 amusement. The life of every flower that
 ever bloomed has power to bring instruction
 to the heart. I love them not because of
 their beauty alone, but because they speak
 to me of a kind & merciful Creator.
 I love them because they are the stars in the
 green firmament of Earth.

Wattie.

The sun was just setting on the
 western horizon, casting a last long smile
 of love upon the beautiful earth, as I entered
 the forest. It was the hour when the Genii of
 the wild flowers close up their little houses
 to wander through the wide world that they
 may whisper in the ears of the sleepers their
 fairy secrets. My purpose was to gather
 now these flowers & carry them to my chamber
 that I might entice the Genii there.

My basket was soon filled with blue & white violets, Lilies of the valley, & Convallaria, all sparkling with the brilliant coronets which the twilight-spirit had in mirthful humor thrown upon them. Still I found not my little favorite, the delicate Anemone; so I wandered deeper & deeper into the forest till the bright stars looked down upon me between the dark & heavy leaves.

It was pleasant to be there at that hour; the flowers grew around in such wild profusion, drooping their graceful heads towards the earth; and the breeze made fitful music as it played amid the branches.

The moon at last arose, & as its silver rays fell around me, I discovered, growing near the roots of an old oak tree, the object of my search. Hastily I stooped to pluck it, but a voice sad and sweet as the tones of the wind - harp murmured a faint entreaty to me to forbear. Then I saw the flower was still open; the Gem was within. I withdrew my hand, but bowed my head & listened earnestly to the

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mournful accents. It told me then its history. I was the favorite of the spirit of Love & Beauty, the spirit that pervades the earth bringing joy to the hearts of all. But its love I did not return. I fled from good, & my mortal life was the heavy forfeit given for pursuing evil. Yet still was I loved, & the kind spirit gave me this little flower for a dwelling place; but it cannot long be mine; many weary months must be spent in the dark caverns beneath the earth. I may not, like my kindred Genii enter another home as beautiful, when this shall fail. 'Tonight is my last'; - the spirit of Love will soon come to whisper its farewell; so leave me now, I pray you.

The musical voice was still. Sadly I left the woods that night; but took this silent lesson to my heart: All of Beauty & Good cannot be regained when the heart has once turned coldly away from it.

I dem.

Parody on the burial of Sir John Moore.

Not a sound was heard, on an eye was ^{raised},
 As we sat in our school-room so dreary;
 Not a leaf was heard, or a pencil stirred,
 As the hours dragged on so weary.

For we feared the school master's bunch of rods
~~Whose importance we'd been learning;~~
 So we counted our books with side-long ^{looks},
 And our thoughts to the green-fields turning.

The class was called in Spelling Book,
 And up to the desk we hurried;
 We stood in a row; our books all were closed
 And we listened; most dreadfully flurried.

Spell "neighbor," Tom Jones were the words ^{said} then,
 And he with a look of sorrow;
 Did steadfastly gaze on the floor & say,
 "Forgot. - But I'll spell it tomorrow."

Alas! for poor Tom, he cried out with grief,
 As the ferule his hands did chide,

And I heard him
 "Oh! when I'm a man

The spelling was
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And lightly we
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But slowly & low
 He scanned her,
 He saw far away
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Fisher,

And I heard him say as he went to his seat
"Oh! when I'm a man how I'll find her"!!!

The spelling was done, the read & we wrote,
But the hours, they seemed to be staying;
And Tommy declared, that the sun didn't ^{move},
And the hour ne'er'd come for our playing.

But at last the heavy task was done,
And the clock told the hour for retiring,
With shout & with glee, we rushed from the ^{room},
Like a host of loosed birds - swiftly flying.

And lightly we talked of the trials we'd borne,
And over ^{our} whippings we laughed;
We gathered the flowers we stopped at the well
And its pure sparkling waters we quaffed.

But slowly & lonely, the School maid passed on
She scanned her, - & turned up our noses;
She ran far away from the dreaded old dame
Nor offered her one of our posies.

Slowly & sadly she passed along home
Of her trials to tell a sad story; -
We fled from her presence like mice from a ^{cat},
And left her alone in her glory.

Annally.

The song of the Mountain Girl.

I live where the birds sing merry & gay,
I live with the birds & with them play.
My home is alone, not lonely - but free,
Where the birds and flowers may talk with ^{me},
I'm a Mountain girl, I'm a mountain girl,
Free, Free as the wind in its whirl!

Their songs & lessons are merry & sweet
They never can tire, but ever seem sweet,
At night they chant me a parting tune.
At morn they wake me, but never too soon
For a Mountain maid is awake & free
To mirth & merriment, frolic & glee.

They teach me of beauty, they teach me of praise,

And willing I go
To him who has
In a world like
I'm a mountain
Free, free, as the

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And willing I join them, in singing their lays.
To him who has made us ^{and} given us light,
In a world like this so happy & bright,
I'm a mountain girl, I'm a mountain girl,
Free, free, as the wave in its curl.

A. L. G. . .

a gay,
in play.
but free,
talk with
in girl,
list!

Lines written by a young lady on arriving
at the depot too late for the cars for Newton.

Through winding streets
Mid men & beasts,
A school-girl plodded on
But found, alas!
Though walking fast,
The Special Train had gone.

weet
meet,
ig time.
too soon
& free
glee.

At this disaster,
The ticket-master
With words both clear & slow,
Said that at nine
By rail-road time,
Another train would go.

ne of praise,

All this she knew
 Was very true
 But in her mind was doubt
 As which the best,
 To stop & rest,
 Proceed, or turn about.

"A half a day
 Will hardly pay".
 Said she for all my pains.
 So quick as thought
 Her home she sought
 And pestered thus her brains.
 M. F. F.

The members of one of the military companies which went from New York to Mexico, were each presented with a Bible & a sword!

With waving plumes, to the drums the fife,
 The soldiers marched to the field of strife,
 Each bearing a gift as with measured pace,
 He approached more near to the fatal place,

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'Twas a glittering sword that hung by his side,
 And was soon in the blood of his foe bedyed.
 But another gift of a different sort,
 Concealed in his knapsack, he also had brought.
 'Twas a Bible, that precious boon of Heaven,
 Which for a guide to man is given.
 A sword & a Bible! Contrast strange!
 They are farther apart than a planet's range.
 The one is the agent of deadly strife, —
 The other brings with it peace & life.
 Oh! how could he with that Bible go
 To kill with the sword his Mexican foe!
 Ah! he heeded not those precepts of love,
 Given by Him, who came from above.
 And where, at last, in the hour of death,
 On the battle field yielding up his breath,
 Was the Saviour's presence with him to cheer
 And sustain his soul through the valley drear?
 Ah no! for a murderer's dreadful crime
 Weighed down his soul at that trying time
 Filled with remorse & despair he must lie,
 Unpitied, unweared for there to die.
 Oh! when shall the reign of the Prince of Peace

Begin, and bloodshed & murder cease?
 Oh! when shall man, in his weakness & sin,
 The work of repentance and love begin?
 Gladly we'd welcome the glorious day,
 And that it may hasten we'll labor pray.

Why thus longing, thus forever sighing,
 For the far-off, unattained and dim,
 While the beautiful all around thee lying
 Offers up its low perpetual hymns.

Would'st thou listen to its gentle teaching,
 All thy restless yearnings it would still,
 Leaf and flower and laden bough are preaching
 Their own sphere - though humble first to fill.

Poor, indeed thou must be if around thee
 Thou no ray of light or joy canst see
 If no silken cord of love has bound thee
 To some little world - through weal or woe

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If no dear eyes thy fond love can lighten,
 No fond voices answer to thine own,
 If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten,
 By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the crowd's applause,
 Not by works that give the world renown,
 Not by martyrdom or haunted crosses,
 Canst thou win and wear the crown.

Daily struggling though unloved and lonely,
 Every day its rich reward will give,
 Thou wilt find by hearty striving only,
 And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Harriet Winslow now Mrs. Lest.

A lecture on the "Value & Importance of the Physical Sciences." by T. Hill

"The great praise of Socrates," says Dr. Johnson, "is that he drew the wits of Greece, ^{by his instructions & example} from the vain pursuit of Nat. Phil. to moral inquiries & turned their thoughts from stars & tides & matter & motion upon the various modes of virtue & relations of life".

With the greatest respect for Dr. Johnson, I pronounce this, ^{saying} to be a libel upon Socrates, a slander of the human family, & an insult to the Creator.

Socrates drew the thoughts of the Greeks from Nat. Phil.! Strange then that every great name in Grecian science should belong to the time after Socrates! Strange that after their attention had been drawn diverted from the subject they should produce such men as Aristotle, Euclid, Archimedes, but that in the times when the Ionic school flour-

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Nat. Phil. have some noted their of vanity. in a word are either on, else de- which is not position do

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worthy of note in physical science.

Nat. Phil. a vain pursuit! Then
have some of the wisest of our race de-
voted their whole energies to the pursuit
of vanity. Then has the Creator placed
us in a world where the objects around
us are either unworthy of our regard
or else destined to awaken a ^{vain} curiosity
which is not to be gratified, neither sup-
position does honor to the Creator.

The study of the Inductive Sciences
is not a vain pursuit? It has spread hap-
piness over the world & bidden want & misery
to be gone. It has completely changed the
physical condition of man. The golden
age, which the poets placed in the past &
in the future, Nat. Phil. has made in
the present. Space & time no longer oppose
man's wishes; neither mountain nor
valley, wind nor storm, resist his prog-
ress; the earth yields him her fruits in
tenfold harvests & skies give up to him harm-

lessly their lightning that it may serve him as a mail carrier, an errand boy. He tears up the rocks & bids them do his labor & they do it. They grind his food, they weave his raiment, they carry him & his possessions where he lists with almost ^{the} ~~large~~ speed. On every side of us plenty smiles & scarcely a wish is left ungratified. These beneficent results have been wrought by Nat. Phil. Mark, too, how the intellectual character of man has been exalted. No longer base Astrologers, with lying tales deceive the people; the planets no longer send a baleful influence to earth; nor do Comets from their horrid rail shake pestilence & war. Men no longer shut themselves up in iron lonely towers to search with unavailing toil for what their own fancy had created — the philosopher's stone, the elixir of life; the follies of the present day are confined to a few men. Some seeking in intuition the facts of observation, & some receiving those facts on trust, both classes neglecting the reasoning of Nat. Phil. & common sense.

Such has been the vain pursuit of the hidden self, of the hidden has been still. The observation of nature is a deduction from the facts of a man careful of the reasoning of its life bread. The laws of man harmony & be- charges the cap above all these to a science with theories as are found that no. Let us examine physical science a little more a now almost true that the in it certain are awakened & represent me

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Such has been the general influence of this
 vain pursuit. But upon the students them-
 selves, of the Inductive Sciences, this influence
 has been still more decidedly beneficial.
 The observation & collection of facts, & the de-
 duction from them of laws & principles make
 a man careful & quick eyed, they strengthen
 the reasoning powers, & feed the mind with
 its life bread, - knowledge. The study of
 the laws of matter gives us new ^{and} ideas of
 harmony & beauty improves the taste & en-
 larges the capacity for enjoyment. But
 above all these considerations, devotion
 to a science which deals in facts & in such
 theories as are admitted by all to be true
 forms that noble virtue, love of truth.
 Let us examine the influence of the
 physical sciences on true education
 a little more closely. It seems to be
 a now almost universally admitted doc-
 trine that the mind has slumbering with-
 in it certain fundamental ideas which
 are awakened by experience. These ideas
 represent necessary truths, that is the

the existence of necessary beings or of necessary relations. They lie at the foundation of all knowledge, & the perfect development of them is the only true end of education, and the study of Nat. Phil. tends a thousand fold more powerfully than other pursuits to the unfolding & enlarging of their conceptions.

Astronomy, for instance, will develop & strengthen our conceptions of Number, Space, Time, & Power because all its facts relate to these ideas & are in comprehensible without them. He, who has long studied the movements of the heavenly bodies, has in the first place, vivid conceptions of form.

The common mind looks upon form as a mere quality of matter. Even the acute & cautious Hugh St. John, although he in one place admits that form is a quality of space, yet in all his discussions respecting mathematical reasoning, seems to forget his own admission & to regard

form as either ideal. He approved the propositions of truths, but imprecise & that mathematical in this, that that from such & such. So far it may be but hear say they may in the estate only proved complex id. Most lame may not the we reason. Then will the & the hypothesis will the con facts. All Whately him

form as either material or merely ideal. He says, & Archbishop Whately approves the saying, that Mathematical propositions are not the enunciations of truths, but that they are merely definitions & that the conclusiveness of Mathematical reasoning consists in this, that it merely demonstrates that from such & such hypothesis such & such consequences follow.

So far it may be able well enough, but hear what next. Whence, say they Math. reasoning is useless in the establishment of facts, it only proves the conformity of a complex idea with its parts.

Most lame & impotent conclusion!

May not the hypothesis from which we reason, be true, be facts?

Then will the consequences be facts & the hypothesis be necessary truths, then will the consequences be demonstrated facts. All sound reasoning is, as Whately himself teaches us, the same

process. From the truth of the premises the truth of the conclusion follows. The premises in Geometry are facts as truly as any facts in the physical world. A world circle is not merely a hypothetical figure, it really exists not in material form, for mathematical figures, have nothing to do with matter; they pertain to space only. The metaphysician calls the surface of a globe, the surface of a sphere, but it is not so; not even if the globe is perfectly spherical. The globe may conform to a sphere, fill a sphere; but the sphere itself is a part of space, having a necessary & unchangeable existence. So that the deductions of Geometry are facts as truly as the existence of matter is a fact, & facts may therefore be demonstrated. In spite, therefore, of what is lately, the physical philosopher acknowledges that Clarke's attempt to strictly demonstrate the existence

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of matter the Supreme Being is not
 in itself unreasonable.

Much has been said by the writer
 to whom I have already referred, on
 the question whether Sciences admit
 of the use of mathematical demonstration.
 Most clearly they do. For every Science
 is founded on some one or more
 fundamental ideas which express
 necessary truths the deductions from
 which are also necessary. So far then
 from grieving with Stewart, let us
 rather rejoice that so many sciences
 are becoming free from the unsatis-
 factory & vague reasoning of the met-
 aphysician, & submitting to the strict
 laws of the Mathematician.

When every Science shall have so
 done, then will knowledge have
 become certainty, & all quacks, pre-
 tenders & theorists will be as much
 neglected as they are now honored.
 But again, Astronomy, in common
 with other physical studies, awakens

the idea of power. The notion of Power can be resolved into that of motion & something producing it or tending to produce it. In his investigation of the laws of observed phenomena the Nat. philosopher confines himself to the consideration of the motion only, because that which produces the motion is no part of the phenomena. Now motion belongs to Space & Time, of the reality of Space, I have already spoken. Time is no less a reality, *Genofeld dröcker* to the contrary notwithstanding.

With all his high spirituality this philosopher appears to regard the immaterial as unreal - Time & Space are not the world's clothing, the world is the clothing of Time & Space. When the speculating philosopher supposes that the whole visible creation is but an atom in some mightier creation, that all that the

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 be within some grain of sand on a
 larger planet, & that the largest
 periods of Astronomy may be the
 revolutions of this grain of sand as
 the wind rolls it along the beach;
 he has not cast off Space & Time,
 he has only freed his own ideas
 of them from their unreal fetters.
 May, had Typheldröcken his cap in
 which if he ^{should} wish to be any where he
 should be there, he would not
 then have destroyed Space & time,
 he would only have changed his
 own relation to them. So that in his
 very aim of transcending the Senses,
 the Senses have fettered him, & made
 him regard the sensible as real, &
 the ideal as fictitious. Into such mis-
 takes he would have been less likely
 to fall, had he studied the work of
 which he so contemptuously speaks
 La Manique Celeste.
 With the other idea called up

by motion, namely that of something producing it or tending to produce it, the natural philosopher as a mere expounder of laws, has, of course, nothing to do.

Yet as a man he has ~~nothing~~ to this idea continually before presented to him & as a man he must analyse & develop it. Whence then, he asks, does this notion of force spring? Evidently from a consciousness of my own power. Had I been merely a passive being, had I only seen motion but never produced it, then motion would have been to me, mere change of position. But when I, by my own will exert power then the idea of power is awakened within me.

Is then that pursuit vain, which brings out & cultivates almost every power of the human mind, & teaches us ever to find new & convincing proofs of the continual presence & wisdom of the Creator?

It is very unsafe to judge from the appearance of Providence. the belief that the study of His works upon them laid upon them laid in the reach seem to be a cultivation & a mental power. our knowledge of it. If we see reason in this life, ~~we~~ in the world to employment of know not, we may have formation of study of this in the task.

If Socrates drew his lessons from the Greeks from he drew them from the subjects of human

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It is very unsafe, I acknowledge to argue from the apparent intentions of Providence. Yet who can resist the belief that God meant us to study His works? Why else impose upon them laws which are just with in the reach of our endeavors & which seem to be exactly adapted to the cultivation & advancement of our mental powers? The advantages of our knowledge may be unknown to us. If we see no advantage of it in this life, ~~as~~ it may be of use to us in the world to come. What the employment of futurity may be we know not. Why not suppose that we may have intrusted to us the formation of new worlds & that the study of this model may qualify us for the task.

If Socrates drew the attention of the Greeks from Stars & Tides & Matter & Motion, he drew them from some of the noblest objects of human thought.

What high interest is awakened in every breast as we gaze on that starry host which nightly keeps its vigil over earth! There are the same ^{that} ~~old~~ ^{which} have in all ages given inspiration to the poet, imagery to the orator, & matter for meditation to the thoughtful! The "Stars so still & saint-like" utter the same "voices of the night" to the living poet that they did to Job in the land of Uz. The great Bear trode round the pole with the same majestic step when skirting on the banks of Minerva as when addressed by that loved bard, seldom tho' he touched his harp, whose farewell words still echo from these walls. Brightly in the west the blushing queen of beauty shines on us as brightly as on her son Eneas when -

Mater dea monstrante viam,
He sought Lavinian shores.

Generations after generation passed away, empires rise & fall, cities are built up & are swept away, but still that

star gazed remains as bright as his own attributes. Matter & Motion the Universe? The rose's tint, the melody of the statue, the thunder's awful roar in the sky, or the system round & whatever else received by man. As the field with physical philosophy the prospect of the laws of God's operations, the beneficence to the devout eye beautiful as the Paradise. In the secret laws

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Matter & Motion! Do they not embrace
the universe? Whatever is beautiful, the
rose's tint, the blush on Beauty's cheek,
the melody of sound, the grace of mo-
tion, the Statue's breathing form; what-
ever is grand, the golden clouds of sunset,
the thunder's awful voice, the march of plan-
ets in the sky, or the wheeling of the stary
systems round the throne above, these
& whatever else there is of form seen or con-
ceived by man comes under their laws.
As the field which lies under before the
physical philosopher is extensive, so is
the prospect beautiful. The simplicity
of the laws of God, the harmony of their
operations, the diversity of their results,
the beneficence of their influence, offer
to the devout eye of the Geometer a scene
beautiful as the promised gardens of
Paradise. Indeed is not he to whom
the secret laws of the universe are un-

veiled admitted, as it were, into the
more immediate presence of the
great Lawgiver? Is he not permitted,
by his patient toil to ascend to that
heavenly mount where the vast cre-
ation lies open to the view, & whence
those mandates are issued which wheel-
ing Suns & planets hasten to obey?

Who that has a soul, can ask whether
such knowledge be a good? Who that is
not dead is not burning to attain
it? I conclude this defence of the
physical sciences by triumphantly
appealing to the list of great & holy men.
Anatomists, Botanists, Natural His-
torians, Astronomers, hold their high
places. The firm integrity & upright-
ness of heart, the ardent love of truth, &
the unshaken confidence in the Author
of truth which the student of the ma-
terial world possessed was well exem-
plified in one whom we all honor,
Bowditch. — Especially do we find
that men of science have been willing

to give Lou-
Galen cal-
a Hymn in
The religio-
science w-
interrupted
among w-
has always
Choral soc-
Harmony
Happy and
ing, of the
Roaring, o-
running of
July 13th

into the
of the
committed,
to that
past cre-
whence
lies whel-
y?

whether
that is
attain
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santly
holy men.
al His-
their high
& upright
truth, &
the Author
the ma-
le sym-
honor, -
we find
willing

to give honor to their Creator.

Galen called his work on Anatomy
a Hymn in Honor of the Supreme Being.
The religious service in the temple of
Science which he began, had never been
interrupted. A line of Master Spirits
among whom Newton stands preeminent
has always stood forth the leaders of the
choral song accompanied by the full
harmony of nature, the music of
happy animate creation, the whisper-
ing of the wind among the flowers, the
roaring of the tempest, & the deep mur-
muring of the sea-beat shore.

July 13th 1842.

The shovel & the tongs, or Gog & Magog as
we used to call them, stood like fa-
miliar spirits, on either side of the
parlor grate. And the cat a still
more familiar spirit, was stretch-
ed at full length, before the glow-
ing hearth.

Not a coal had dropped from
the grate. Neither the shovel nor
the tongs had slipped, nor the
cat stirred for the last hour. And
I had scarcely moved, unless it
were to turn idly over the gilded
leaves of Shakespeare illustrated by
Ritch who, in his simple yet pro-
ful outlines, had translated the
thoughts of the world's great poets,
Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller, into
the beautiful symmetry of outward
form. I had been reading how the
Moors of Venice wooed & won the gentle
Desdemona. I had admired the deli-
cate compliment, which the mischiev-
ous Oberon pays to England's virgin

queen, "the
well, who she
& passed in
free." Next
most right
to judgment
twice bless
& him that
ering mood
tempest, the
And I came
who hung
like a br
ear. As I
with admir
that glorio
Our own c
dwindled
the book
age which
no "hards
steps echo
I longed to
age & gene

x Magog as
d like fa-
side of the
at a still
was stretched
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ped from
shovel nor
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hour. And
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s virgin

queen, "the fair festal throne by the
well, who shunned Cupid's fiery shaft
& passed in maiden meditation, fancy
free." Next I read of Portia, that
most rightful judge, that Daniel come
to judgment, who pleaded for Mercy,
twice blessed, blessing him that gives
& him that takes. Then had I, in wond-
ering mood, turned over Macbeth, The
Tempest, The merry wives of Windsor.
And I came at last to the gentle Juliet,
who hung upon the cheek of night,
like a bright jewel in an Ethiop's
ear. As I read, my mind was filled
with admiration, almost worship, of
that glorious age of English literature.
Our own century with its men & manners
dwindled into insignificance. I closed
the book dissatisfied with the present
age which gives to us no matter spirits
no "bards sublime whose giant foot-
steps echo through the corridors of time."
I longed to have lived in Shakespeare's time
age & generation. Or since that was

again; at least to live in some more
genial clime, in fair Juliet's land,
where the poetry of inward thought
& feeling, finds its outward mani-
festation in the glowing canvass of
Raphael, the breathing marble of Mi-
chael Angelo, or the ruins, vast, dim
& solemn of Eternal Rome. Unrecon-
ciled to the living present, I was
dreamily longing & sighing for the
far off, the unattained & dim.

In no happy mood, I leaned back
in my chair, idly comparing the cold
North wind which howled around
the casements to the soft Italian
breezes thick laden with the perfume
of the orange & the myrtle. I looked up
at the window hoping at least to find
a patch of Italian blue in our clear,
cold sky. But not even this cold
comfort could I gather; for the win-
dow was thickly covered with frost.
Still I sat & gazed at it. When, as if by
magic, in each frosty window pane

stood a glo-
silver stream
though Puck
had been the
demonia sit
where mar-
bled floor
tracery. Just
of the pillars
was telling
"the in-
being taken
sold into
"She loved
passed"; And
did pity
The next p
Silver flag
all unlike
billows m
lightnings w
tremble." A
was making
The island

in those
old land,
thought
plain
vass of
ble of his
oak, dim
unrecoun
was
y for the

a back
the cold
around
than
the perfume
looked up
st to find
clear,
his cold
the win-
the frost.
en, as if by
doro pane

stood a glowing picture all in
silver sheen, delicate & fancy like as
though Puck, Oberon, or queen Titania
had been the artists. There was Des-
demona sitting in her father's palace,
where marble columns & richly tessal-
ated floor shone forth in delicate
tracery. Just in the shadow of one
of the pillars, stood the Moor who
was telling her of hair-breath 'scapes.
"The imminent deadly breach; of
being taken by the insolent foe &
sold into slavery; till full of pity
"She loved him for the dangers he had
passed; And he loved her that she
did pity him".

The next picture stood forth, in
silver blazour, distant & clear, but
all unlike the last. There were
billows mountain high, & furies
lightnings which made the wild waves
tremble. A vessel all dismasted & forlorn
was making its way towards an island.
The island of the childlike Miranda,

"so perfect & so faultless," made out
of every creature's best." And there
on the curled clouds above the pic-
ture, was Ariel, the personified
genius of the beautiful creation.
And there was the "Hane of Cawdor,"
the witches, & the Birnam woods.
There was King Lear, driven out
into the bitter storm, by the still
more bitter ingratitude of his daugh-
ters. And there too in silver
sheen, are Romeo & Juliet. Their
bidding him farewell, & says
Good night, Good night. Parting
is such sweet sorrow that I shall
say good night till it be mornow.
But what does that next picture
tell about. Surely that's not tender
love scene or deadly peril. Oh now
I see! It is poor Falstaff, all in a
glow & just scrambling out of the
basket into which the merry wives
had crammed him. In the cir-
cumference of a peck, hilt to point

& heel to heel
river. The
Think of the
Master B.
the bully
I laughed
my foot
came the
clang. The
stood with
fur on
posed for
fall. Sha
up Hog &
to their
time tra
her that
in the me
of dear
ing & happ
There be
near tho
trouble
longing

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and there
the pic-
ified
cation.

of Lawdor,
woods.

even out

the still

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a silver

it. She is

says

it. Parting

I shall

monow.

icture

not tender

il. Oh now

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t of the

y wives

In the cir-

to point

& heel to head, to be thrown into the
river Thames, & cooled in that surge.
Think of that, hissing hot, think of that
Master Brook. And as I thought of
the burly knight & his sorry condition,
I laughed loud & merrily, & hitting
my foot against the fender, do you
came the shovel & tongs with a great
clang. The cat jumped on her feet &
stood with her back humped & her
fur on end, as though she was pre-
pared for the worst that might be-
fall. I had but just time to pick
up Gog & Magog, and restore them
to their proper places; & at the same
time tranquilizing puss & assuring
her that her worst enemy was nowhere
in the neighborhood, when a host
of dear home faces came in, all glow-
ing & happy from a sleigh ride.
Here by my pleasant fireside
near those I loved, I resolved to
trouble myself no more with vain
longings for the unattainable.

Fully satisfied that this age was
hopeful & happy enough for me.
And heartily did I thank that
ideal artist, Jack Frost, who,
out of winter winds, waters &
sunshine, can create such magic
pictures.

"The look too light,
For things near by,
And lose what Nature found us;
For life hath here,
No charm more dear,
Than home & friends around us."

The Generality of women are like
children, to whom I would rather
give a sugar-plum, than any
time.

Milnes' Life of Keats.

The Star
Star of
Thou oft
And love
I hope to

For in the
Eternity a
Oh Day
Dwells the

Perhaps
Should the
My Father
Will thou

That I may
Of Heaven
And, through
Kind in thy

Mourning's Acc

The Star of my Home.
1st.

Star of my home when I was glad
Thou oft had smiled on me,
And loe now in sorrow's hour
I looe to gaze on thee;

2nd.

For in thy bright & constant light
Eternity appears to dwell,
Oh say! 'Up from thy glittering ground
Dwells there the one I love so well?

3rd

Perhaps on me he now looks down
Would that my eyes might so him see,
My Father, or if thou art there,
Wilt thou not make it known to me?

4th

That I may look upon thy star,
Of heavenly peace, the sacred home,
And, through the troubles of this life,
Find in thy happiness my own.

M. Cohen,

Morilton Academy, Baltimore.

The Worth of Woman. - Schiller.
Honored be woman! the beams on the sight,
Graceful & fair, like a being of light;
Scatter'd around her, whenever she strays
Roses of thist on our thorn-covered ways,
Roses of Paradise sent, from above
To be gathered and twined in a garland of love.

Man, on Passion's stormy ocean
Tossed by surges mountain high
Courts the hurricane's commotion,
Spurns at Reason's feeble cry.
Loud the tempest's roars around him
Loudly still its wars within
A lashing light of Hope confound him
Stand him life's incessant din.

Woman invited him with bliss in her smile,
To cease from his toil and be happy awhile,
Whisperingly wooingly, - come to my bower!
Do not in search of the phantom of power,
Honor & wealth are illusory; come!

Happiness dwells in the temple of Home.

Man with fury stern & savage,
Persecutes his brother man,
Reckless if he bless or savage;

Action -
Now create
Ceaseless
Ever wish
Still to be
Woman, come
Enjoys in
And waters
Far richer to
And wis^{er} far
Then he wish

Coldly
Man de
Knoweth
"From the
Glowly th
"I loved the
"Till by
It is b
She like the
As the night
Responds to ea
Whether sorrow
And tear drops
Like the sun

hills;
in the sight,
light;
the strays
d ways,
above
garland of love.
ocean
tain high
mmotion,
cry.
round him
him
confound him
div.
it in her smile,
happy awhile,
power!
of power,
we!
of Home.
age,
an.
age!

Action-action - still his plan.
Now creating, now destroying;
Ceaseless wishes tear his breast.
Ever wishing; never enjoying
Still to be - but never Rest.

"
Woman, contented in silent repose
Enjoys in its beauty life's flavor & flow.
And waters & tends it with innocent heart.
Far richer than man with his treasures,
And wiser ^{by} far in her circle confined
Then he with his science & flights of the mind.

"
Coldly to himself sufficing,
Man disdains the gentler acts,
Knows not the bliss arising
From the interchange of hearts.
Slowly through his bosom stealing
Flows the genial current on
'Till by age's frost congealing
It is hardened into stone.

The like the hair that instinctively ^{strikes} sings,
As the night-breathing zephyrs soft sighs utter
Responds to each impulse with ready reply,
Whether sorrow or pleasure her sympathy try
And tear drops & smiles on her countenance play
Like the sunshine & shower of a morning in May.

In the realm of man's dominion,
Terror is the ruling word,
And the standard of opinion,
Is the temper of the sword;
Strike exults, & Pity blushing,
From the scene despairing flies,
Where to battle madly rushing
Brother upon brother dies.

Woman commands with a milder control,
She rules by enchantment the realm of the soul
As she glances around, in the light of her smile,
The war of the passions is hushed for awhile,
And Discord content from his fury to cease
Reposes entranced on the pillow of Peace.

What a true
in the object
it not coming
a something
arm that
pleasure,
Honor & a
for the lo
her. Some
toil for, &
be to die
woman
a servant
luxurious
Shorpe

What a true woman needs most
in the object of her affections,
is not comfort for herself, but
a something to comfort, - not an
arm that can surround her with
pleasure, but a name she can
honor & an eye she can look to,
for the loving way of its watching
her. Something to think of to
toil for, to fear for, & if need
be to die for; - this is what a
woman needs, more truly than
a servant to attend her; or a
luxurious home to dwell in.

I hope by Wm Mountford.

The Baby's Complaint.

O Mother, dear Mother no wonder, I cry
More wonder by far that your baby don't die
No matter what ails me, no matter what's here,
No matter how hungry the poor little dear,
No matter if full, or all out of breath,
She trows me, & trows me & trows me to death.
I love my dear nurse, but I dread that great nurse
I like all her talk, but I love none of her.
She can't be contented with talking so pretty,
And washing & dressing & doing her duty;
All that's very well, - I can bear soap & water,
But, Mother, she is an unmerciful trower!
Pretty ladies, I want just to look at your faces;
Pretty lamp, pretty fire, let me see how it glazes;
How can I, my head going bibbity bob?
And she trows me the harder, the harder I sob;
O Mother, do stop her! I'm inwardly sore,
I hiccup & cry and she trows me the more,
And talks about wind when 'tis she makes me ake,
What would I give her away, for poor baby's sake!
Thank goodness I'm still; O, blessed be quiet!
I'm glad my dear Mother is willing to try it;
Of foolish old customs my Mother's no lover,

And the wisdom
I'll rest on awhile
And laugh up at
And pick up some
To fill my small
O dear, is that she.
She's bringing me
She'll hold me with
And as fast as it's
And thumpety thump
Her heel it is going
All over the house
Trot, trotting! Just
And

laint. I cry
no wonder
baby don't die
ter what's here,
or little dear,
of breath,
me to death.
e that great hurt
to me!
king so pretty,
ing her duty;
soap & water,
ful trotter!
your faces;
how it blazes;
body?
nder I do;
ndly sore,
the more,
e makes me ache,
or baby's sake
blessed be quiet!
ing to try it;
ther's no loss,

And the wisdom of this she can never discover.
I'll rest on awhile, & just look about,
And laugh up at Sally who peeps in & out,
And pick up some notions as soon as I can,
To fill my small noddle before I'm a man.
O dear, is that she? Is she coming so soon?
She's bringing my dinner with teacup & spoon;
She'll hold me with one hand, 'nt other the cup,
And as fast as it's down, she'll just shake it up;
And thumpity thump, with the greatest delight,
Her heel it is going from morning till night,
All over the house you may hear it, I'm sure,
Grot, trotting! just think what I'm doomed to ^{endure},
Mrs. Louisa J. Hall.

Queen's Speech.

I thank you for your love, & for the
Crown & for the place, And my
heart gives back the homage that
is written in each face, And through
each coming day & hour, I shall
seek & strive to pay, The richest
of affection back, that makes
me Queen to-day. For I know
that by the might of love & by
its might alone, A Queen may
wear ^{her} flowery crown in honor
on your throne.

Speech of the Crowner
In the bright hour of gladness ^{May}
While gentle breezes round us play,
We've come again to revel round,
This happy & familiar ground.
Again we set our youthful feet
With pleasure in each eyed heart.
And now my portion in the Seve
As Maid of Honor to the Queen.
Commands me thus to offer thee
An emblem of thy sovereignty.

Receive the
This rural
And may
Heir meet
But hand
Still find
And when
And think
Ch.' may the
Be true, & c
That we m
Both suff
Speech
Blessing
our fair
May son
where our
May thy
With bea
That thou
And see
We give
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To deck
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And through
ur, I shall
the riches
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I know
love & by
can may
a honor
s owner
gladness
and play
s sound
sound
stful part
eyed heart
the scene
Queen
offer the
ignity

Receive them in this gladsome land
This rural Crown of living flowers,
And may the power conferred to day
Their meet with change, nor pass ^{away},
But hand in hand with love & peace
Still find in thee a rich increase;
And when in after times we meet
And think of scenes in this retreat,
Oh! may the love which fills us ^{here},
Be true, & constant, & sincere,
That we may bless this happy scene,
Both subjects & their loving Queen.

Speech of the Maids of Honor.

Blessings upon thy youthful head,
our fair & gentle Queen,
May sorrow never cloud the brow
where our crown of flowers has been
May thy subjects all be loyal,
with hearts so true & fond,
That thou canst feel their wealth,
And seek no boon beyond.
We give thee joy, we give thee joy
of the love that sought to day,
To deck thee ^{with our} Queen of crown
of flowers, and hail thee Queen of May.

With these forest trees above us,
With this forest turf below,
And these wild wood flowers on
every side that in these ^{grove} ~~forests~~ ^{shadows}
We lift our voices through all these
in joy and hope & glee,
To ask long life & health and peace
and a happy reign for thee.
We give thee joy &c. &c.

May is strewing, May & Flora.
In the pathway of our Queen
Violets blue & Laurels green.
Violets whose perfumed dyes
Shadow back the azure skies
Laurels from the green^d wood tree
Emblem of thy Sovereignty.
Flora offers thee to day,
All the sunny flowers of May
These to deck thy regal throne
These to weave thy flowery crown
These to make thy pathway fair
Flora's offerings rich and rare
All the treasures of the green
Grove the pathway of our Queen.

But there is a
as of death, and
of growth as
flower has
No leaf has
to it. Already
along the
secure arm
Along the
leaves of the
well at the
I find those
only sleeping
the heart has
shall never
not alone in
Every flower a
annual prop
and cheer the
little ones to
show the way
bring the time
fold, do first
so the year

But there is as much of life in autumn
as of death, and as much of creation and
of growth as of passing away. Every
flower has left its house full of seeds,
No leaf has dropped until a bud was born
to it. Already, another year is hidden
along the boughs; another summer is
secure among the declining flowers.
Along the banks the green heart-shaped
leaves of the violet tell me that it is all
well at the root; and, in turning the soil
I find those spring beauties that died, to be
only sleeping. Heart, take courage! What
the heart has once owned and had, it
shall never lose. There is resurrection-hope
not alone in the garden-sepulchre of Christ.
Every flower and every tree and every root are
annual prophets sent to affirm the future
and cheer the way. Thus, as birds, to teach their
little ones to fly, do fly first themselves and
show the way; and as guides, that would
bring the timid to venture into the dark-fac'd
fold, do first go back and forth through it.
So the year and all its mighty multitudes of

growths walk in and out before us to en-
courage our faith of life by death; of
decaying for the sake of better growth.
Every seed and every bud whispers to us
to sterve, while the leaf is yet green, that
germ which shall live when frosts have
destroyed leaf and flower. Is there
anything that the heart needs more
than this? Is there anything that can
comfort the heart out of which men
have fled, as birds flying out of and
forsaking the trees where they were wonted
to sit and sing, but the assurance of
their speedy re-coming? They are not
silent everywhere because they do not speak
to us here. Their feet stite walk, though
no foot-fall may be in our houses. ^{Thine}
O Death was the furrow; we cast ^{therein} our
precious seed. Now let us wait and see
what God shall bring forth for us. A
single leaf falls - the bud at its axil will
shoot forth many leaves. The husbandman
bargains with the year to give back a hundred
grains for each one sown. Shall God

be less generous
hearts think
all is lost. ^{to}
to our eyes the
sweetness of
shall we shall
having eyes
though all
and spake, ^{yet!}
yet! and yet!
weighs the heart
Bright enough
vision, the heart
future how
the threats
shall be taken
beyond all
that broke
taken up the
penetrate the
and Earth,
rock and
purity. All
separated,

before us torn
death; of
the growth.
his persious
et green, that
in frosts have
er, Is there
ceeds more
ing that can
thick dead ones
g out of and
werewanted
urance of
There are not
do not speak
alk, though
houses, Thine,
e cast ^{therein} our
ait and see
t for us. A
sits axil with
husbandman
e back a hundred
Shall God

be less generous? Yet, when we sow, our
hearts think that beauty is gone out, that
all is lost. But when God shall bring again
to our eyes the hundred-fold beauty and
sweetness of that which he planteth, how
shall we shame over that dim faith, that
having eyes saw not, and ears heard not. ~~And~~
though all heavens and all the earth appeared
and spake, to comfort those who mourn. And
yet! and yet! Something sinks heavily down and
weighs the heart too hardly. The future is
bright enough; but, the now! This glorious
vision, the hope and everlasting surety of the
future, how shallow were life without it.
~~The threads that broke in the loom here~~
~~shall be taken up there and~~ how deep
beyond all fathoming with it. The threads
that broke in the loom here shall be
taken up there; The veins of gold, that
penetrate this mighty mountain of Time
and Earth, shall then have forsaken the
rock and dirt, and shine in a sevenfold
purity. All those wrongly estranged and
separated, and all who, with great hearts,

seeking good for men, do yet fall out
and contend, and all they who bear
about hearts of earnest purpose, longing
to love, and to do, but hindered and
balked, and made to carry hidden
fire in their souls that warms no one,
but only burns the censor, and all
they who are united for mutual discomfort,
and all who are separated that should
have walked together, and all that have
inwardly or outwardly live in a dream
all their days, longing for the dawn
and the waking. To all such how
blessed is the dawn of the Resurrection!
The stone is rolled away, and angels
sit upon it; and all who go groping
towards the grave to search for that
which is lost, shall hear their voices
teaching them that Heaven harvests
and keeps whatever of good the
earth loses - H.W.B.

are well to the country.

Where did
Out of the Every

When did you
out of the Sky

What makes the
Some of the

Where did you
I found it

What makes
A soft hand

What makes
I saw something

Whence that the
Three Angels

to get full out
They who bear
purpose, longing
and
carry hidden
burns no one
and all
mutual discomfort
that should
all that have
in a dream
for the dawn
such how
Resurrection!
and angels
go groping
for that
their voices
eaten harvests
of good the
H.W.B.

baby dear?

Where did you come from,
Out of the Every where into here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the Sky as I came through
and spin?

What makes the light in them sparkle
Some of the Starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here,
and high?

What makes your forehead so smooth
A soft hand stroked it as I went by
white rose?

What makes you cheek like a warm
I saw something better than anyone knows.

Whence that three cornered smile of bliss?
Three Angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms & hands?
Swe made itself into hooks and bands.
But whence did you come you darling thing?
From the same box as the cherubs wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.
But how did you come to us you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am ^{here}.

Oh Columbia
The home of the
The Shrine of
A World off
Thy Mandate
Where Liberty
Thy Banner
When borne

When War roared
And threaten
The Ark then
Columbia rode
With her gail
Where do proud
With her flag
The bract of
The Wine cup

ear?

us to hear

us & hand

and band

things?

darling

into wings

to be you?

so I grew

you dear?

her

so I am

Oh Columbia, the gem of the Ocean.
The home of the Brave and the Free.
The Shrine of each Patriot's devotion
A World offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
Where Liberty's form stands in view.
Thy Banners make Tyranny tremble.
Thou borne by the Red, White, & Blue.

Thou War winged with wide desolation.
And threatened the land to deform
The Ark then of Freedom's foundation
Columbia rode safe through the storm.
With her garland of victory around her.
Where so proudly she bore her brave crew
With her flag proudly floating before,
The boast of the Red, White & Blue

The Winecup. The Winecup. Bring
hither.

And file you it to the brim.
May the wreaths they have won never
Nor the star of their glory grow dim.
May the service united ne'er sever
But they to their colors prove true,
The Army and Navy forever.
Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue

Old New England

This is our own our native land
Though poor and rough she be,
The home of many a noble soul,
The birth place of the free.

We'll love her rocks and rivers
Till death our quick blood stills.
Hurrah! for Old New England
And her cloud capped granite hills

Shall not the Land, tho' poor she be,
That gave a Webster birth
With pride step forth to take her place,

With the m
Then for his
Our farther
We'll shout
And her c

They tell us of
Our hard c
Which hard
Our Spring t
yet gaily
As the hom
"Hurrah."
And her c

Others may
They say tis
That sunn
And soft it
Will linger
Till age our
Till we die

With the mightiest of the earth;
Then for his sake whose lofty fame
Our farthest boundaries fill.
We'll shout for Old New England,
And her cloud capped granite hills.

They tell us of our freezing climate,
Our hard and rugged soil
Which hardly repay us,
Our Spring time care and toil.
Yet gaily sings the merry boy
As the homeward farm he tills
"Hurrah!" for Old New England
And her cloud capped granite hills.

Others may seek the Western Clime,
They say 'tis passing fair,
That sunny are its laughing skies
And soft its balmy air.
Will linger round our child hood home
Till age our warm blood chills
Till we die in Old New England

And sleep beneath her hills
'Hurrah!' for old New England
And her cloud capped granite
hills.

"In the exhaustless Catalogue of
Heaven's mercies to Man-kind,
the power we have of finding
some germs of comfort in the
hardest trials must ever occupy
the foremost place; not only
because it supports and upholds
us when we most require to be
sustained, but because in this
source of consolation there is
something we have reason to
believe, of the Divine Spirit;
something of that goodness which
detects, amid our own evil doings,
a redeeming quality, something
which even in our fallen nature we
possess in common with the
angels; which had its being in the
old time when they trod the earth
and linger on it yet, in pity."

5 I have had
but have
broken wheel
and have
when my
mixed with
Creation, &
the world
"Amid the
struggling
sacrifices
endured
patience
displayed
Home and
Nov 30th Bar

Our dear
harmless
pursuits we
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Cares and
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5 I have had my share of sorrow
but have borne them well. I have
broken where I should have bent;
and have misused and brooded
when my spirit should have
mised with all God's great
creation. I have turned from
the world and I pay the penalty.

"Amid the struggles of this
struggling tower what cheerful
sacrifices are made, what toil
endured with readiness; what
patience shown, and fortitude
displayed, for the mere sake of
home and its affections."
Nov 30th Barnaby Rudge 1880 -

Our dear mother said, that if in
harmless mirth and maidenly
pursuits we passed those hours together
they would prove the happiest and
most peaceful of our lives, and that
if in later times we went forth into
the world, and mingled with its
cares and trials - if allured by its
temptations and dazzled by its
glitters,

We ever forgot that love and
duty which should bind in
holy ties the children of one loved
parent, - a glance at the old
work of our common girlhood
would awaken good thoughts
of bye-gone days, and soften
our hearts to affection and love.
N. Nickleby -

"If there be any one who has
never known the blank that
follows death, the weary void,
the sense of desolation that
will come upon the strongest
minds, when something
familiar and beloved is
missed at every turn - the
connection between inanimate
and senseless things and the
object of recollections, when
every household god becomes
a monument and every room
a grave, if there be any who have
not known this, and prodded by
their own experience, they can
never guess how the old man pined
and wandered here and there

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The Old
Oh. Home
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seeking something and find
no comfort. death of little Nell
The Old Curiosity Shop

Oh Home, our comforter and
friend when others fall away.
to part with whom, at any step
between the cradle, and the
grave, is always sorrowful,
Oh Home so true to us often
slighted in return, be lenient
to them that turn away from
from thee, and do not
haunt their erring footsteps
too reproachfully. Let no kind
looks, no well remembered smile
be seen upon thy phantom face,
Let no ray of affection, welcome
gentleness, forbearance, cordially
shine from thy white head.
Let no old looking ^{word} or tone rise
up in judgment against thy
desert. But if thou canst look
harshly and severely, do in
mercy to the Penitent -
Battle of Life

The Passage. J. L. Uhland

Many a year is in its grave,
When I crossed this restless wave.
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock and ~~passer~~

Then in this same boat beside
Sat two comrades old and tried:
One with all a father's truth
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth, in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought
But the younger, brighter form
Passed in battle, and in storm

So when'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by
Saddening thoughts of friends ^{me} ~~condemned~~
Spirits, that closed their course before me

But what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul, with soul can blend,
Soul-like were those hours of yore
Let us walk in soul once more.

Take & board
Take, I give
For ^{imposed} ~~unwilling~~
Spirits two

Ukland
grave.
s wave.
s over.
d ~~passer~~
ut beside
d tried
with
goush.
wrought
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me by
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ee before me
to friend,
n blend,
you
me.

Take O boatman, thine thy fee -

Take, I give it willingly.

For ^{invaluable} ~~invaluable~~ to thee.

Spirits twain have crossed with me

The Concord School of Philosophy.

The lectures of the School of Philosophy Thursday were well attended. Among the ladies with metaphysical tastes who were present for the first time were Mrs. General Lander of Lynn and Mrs. Henry Hoffman. To the four members of the faculty present was added Professor C. C. Shackford, the evening's lecturer. But the faculty was not reënforced by the arrival of the morning's lecturer, Dr. Edward Montgomery of Texas. The manuscript of his lecture came, however, and was read by Mr. Sanborn. Dr. Montgomery's lecture was the second in the regular course of morning lectures on Aristotle. It considered "Aristotle's Theory of Causation in its Relation to Modern Philosophy." Professor Shackford's was the second lecture in the evening series on dramatic poetry. Its title was "The Divine Nemesis in the Greek Drama and in Shakespeare." This morning, Professor Davidson lectures on "Aristotle and the Scholastic Philosophy," and in the evening Mr. Sanborn will be heard on the subject, "Marlowe and his Successors." A train will leave Concord for Boston at 9.30 o'clock every evening during the session of the school.

Library, then, as seats of liberal learning, as
doing collegiate work, that our universities form
part of our system of public education, and in-
fluence in greater or less degree all other parts of
the same system. This in three ways—

1. The university creates an educated class com-
petent, as citizens, to appreciate, sustain and
direct to best results a system of public instruc-
tion; creates public sentiment.

2. Furnishes men and women fitted to actually
engage in the work of public instruction as teach-
ers, especially in secondary schools.

3. Affords constant inspiration to all schools
below, affording ready opportunities to enter
upon the finest fields of intellectual effort.

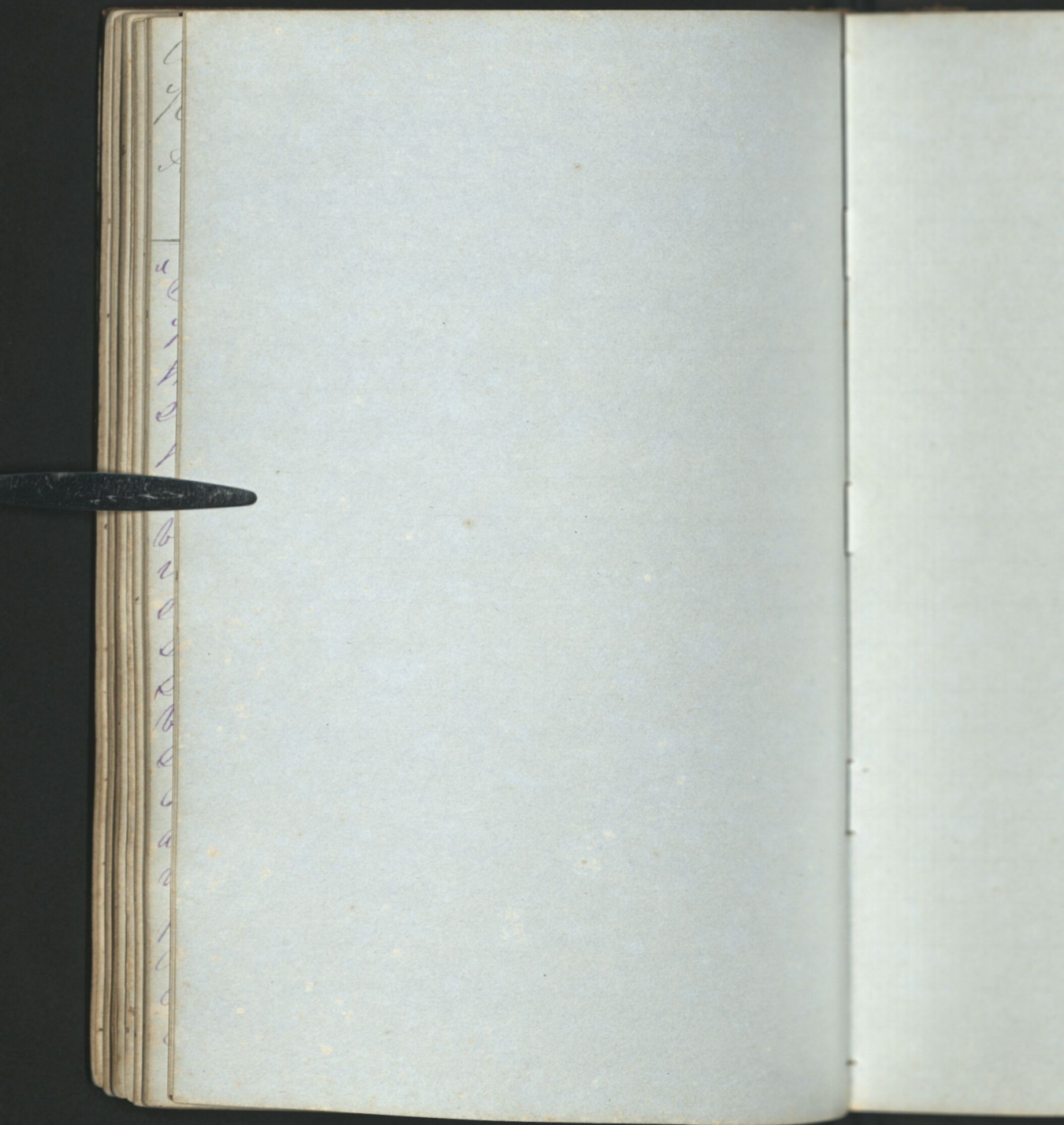
In the evening session, Albert P. Marble, super-
intendent of schools in Worcester, discussed the
topic of "Evening Schools," as a furtherance of
the school system, his principal points being as
follows:

I. These schools are designed to take the place
of the old apprentice schools. They supplement
the day schools.

II. They are designed for purposes of both
sexes, fifteen years old or more. They furnish
the opportunity for children who have been
obliged to leave school before they have acquired
sufficient knowledge to study profitably by them-
selves,—where they may receive sufficient instruc-
tion to enable them to use the library to advan-
tage, and thus become self-taught.

III. These schools also provide the means of
instruction for our imported fellow citizens whose

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